

The Rockwood Review.

priests say? I mean about another pardon—over there?"

"It is true, Zetto."

Tighter and tighter grew the clasp of his hands. His voice was a whisper when he spoke again.

"Closer, Padrone! Nobody ever cared for me before. Closer, till I see your face! There, I can see. I believe it now—"

There are insects whose whole life consists of a single moment in the sunshine. It was so with Zetto. In oneswift moment he had learned what suffering and sympathy and faith, in a word, what life in its greatness, means. And when the moment passed, he was dead—with his lips on my feet.—From THE OUTLOOK.

ON THE BOER WAR.

The present war seems to be little understood, here in Canada, and existing ideas about the Boers somewhat incongruous. It may be worth noting that they owe their origin as a people to the religious struggle in Europe called the Reformation. Their Dutch forefathers were of those who were harried and slaughtered by the soldiers of Philip of Spain, and like the Pilgrim Fathers, they left Europe to make a new home in a barbarous country. They were reinforced afterwards by a number of Huguenots, the French Protestants whose friends and relatives were slaughtered in the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew. People with a common tradition of oppression by the Catholic power, amalgamated readily, and the Huguenots seem to have given up their own language, and to have adopted the Dutch language. The fortune of war brought the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope under British rule, but all the Dutch did not talk kindly to it. Their previous struggles for liberty had made them intolerant of restraint, and many of them left the limits of Cape Colony, and went further back into Africa, to found a new colony, in territory then unexplored and unclaimed. In this

way was founded the Orange River Free State. In course of time the British, increasing in numbers, and pushing further into the country, asserted their authority over the Orange River Free State. The more enterprising and independent of the Boers then migrated again, and left the Orange River Free State, founding beyond its border a new State called the Transvaal. The Boers of the Transvaal might have enjoyed their independence for a long time, but for one unfortunate event—gold was discovered in the Transvaal, and in such quantities that this little province, smaller than Ontario, last year led the world in its output of gold. It is easy to imagine the result. British people and adventurers from the ends of the earth, all gathered in the Transvaal, and formed the great mining town of Johannesburg.

It must be noted that the Dutch and Huguenots when they emigrated to Africa, were an educated and even refined people. But in the course of a generation or two, they lost all this. Their grandchildren, engaged in laborious work and continued fighting with the natives, became a rough and ignorant people, as measured by European standards. Only they clung to their religious traditions, and without any general reading or information to modify the effect of their narrow religious teaching, they became what they are to-day, brutally religious. At the same time, constantly in danger from wild beasts and savage black people, they grew to be self-reliant and courageous. In the course of successive generations they appear to have acclimatized themselves, and changed by the necessities of their African life and environment, they have evolved a new type of man, so distinct from the ordinary Dutchman, that everyone who has come in contact with them has given them the name of Boers, to distinguish them from other peoples and races.

It is not difficult to see, that a people so separated from the world